

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

THE CROW RESERVATION AND THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.

Civilization of the Noble Red Man of the West—"Blanket" Indians—Pony and Dog—Picking Out the Herd, Children and Song.

Nothing so noble a savage into a civilized state as the necessity of making a living in civilized ways. There are no other ways for him now. The buffalo are gone from the plains, the elk from the mountains. There is no will grass for his pony save the grass upon the reservation. Before the advance of civilization he has yielded year by year, till there is now no more for him to yield to civilization but himself. He yields submissively; he does not like the white man's ways. Among 2,500 Absarons who have fought and associated with the whites for a generation not 100 speak English, and when they are taught it in the schools they disdain to speak it once they are in the camp again.

The blanket is inseparable from the idea of the wild Indian. It is the symbol of his life. He is not to be civilized until he has the blanket and the dog. The blanket is made of animal skins, and the dog is the only animal that is civilized. This is so true that they are called "blanket" Indians and "dog" Indians. The blanket is wrapped about the body, brought over the head and all the face except the eyes. It is the only thing that he has. He is induced to work, he holds the folds of the blanket in the left hand and uses the axe or hoe with the right. With the spear the blanket serves a double purpose; it is dress for himself and cradle for the corpse. A dexterous Indian of it forms a pouch upon the back and in this the pony rides, peering beside his mother's head as she trots along.

"The earth is our mother; to play the ground is to scratch her skin; to dig ditches is to wound her bosom; to open mines is to crack her bones; and she will receive no Indians when they die if they so abuse her." This is the explanation the Indians give of his disinclination to work. That is the poetry of it; the fact is that the Indian, like his white brother, is lazy and only works when he cannot help it. But the Indian is learning to labor. His native foot, the wild game of the forest and plain, is gone; the government issue of beef and bacon is scanty, and, like the improvident negro, he often eats the rations for the week in two or three days. The stimulus of hunger has driven him to work. Every family of the Absarons or Crows, among whom the writer sojourns, during the past year has lived at its own household and cultivated its own corn.

It was not until I called them Crows. There is little known poetry in the real Indian, but noblesse ever his red brother of romance may be, and surely it is not to take from him that little he has. The Absaron, from whom I came, is a quiet, unassuming, and from the ill-famed land we call a Crow. It is a small blue hawk, of graceful poise and swift flight, common upon the prairie.

The Crow reservation is perhaps the largest and most valuable possessed by any tribe. Lying 200 miles along the Northern Pacific railroad in Montana, and extending southward to the Wyoming line, it is traversed by many clear mountain streams with fertile bottoms, and bordered on the south and west by mountains rich in minerals. The Crows are the friends of the whites, abetting them in their long wars with the Sioux, the Nez Percés and other northwestern tribes. They are rich in land, ponies and cattle.

The pony and dog are part of the Indian family. The pony is the property of the back; he never walks. The dog is the squaw of the squaw. I have seen as many as seven at the heels of one Indian woman. They are mongrels of every breed, domestic and wild, and poor and worthless, but eat at the same table and sleep in the same bed with their sweet masters. Both men and women are expert riders. I have seen children 3 and 4 years old furiously racing the half-broken ponies.

Though there are many aged people in the Absaron tribe, I have never seen one whose hair was perfectly white. It is often streaked with gray and sometimes quite grizzled in the old. When it becomes gray it is often a fancy with them to paint it red. The hair grows long upon the heads of the men as well as the women, and is never cut save as an evidence of mourning. They wear no beard, plucking out each hair as it comes upon the face. Their curly hair is suspended from the neck by a string of beaded tassels of their own construction. For this purpose, and the young buck in arranging his toilet examines his chin carefully in the mirror to be sure no offending curls are there. Probably from generations of such rough usage the beard grows steadily withered and thin. There is no influence in the tribe who has inherited vanity or brains to pluck his hair and grow a growth of forty years it is but a sparse stubble of stiff black hair.

But here is a man to me and troubles the thought of heredity. The children of this tribe, among whom I am now, are never sung, are easily taught to sing. The little girls in the agency or mission schools sing the hymns as sweetly and correctly as the Sunday school children of the south. As their clear, sweet voices ring out on the twilight air in the familiar melodies of "Sweet By and By," or "What Must I Be There?" the writer easily imagines himself 2000 miles away, listening to children among whom are blue-eyed and golden-haired fairies, instead of these little Absaron maidens, with coal-black eyes and hair of jet.—Chicago Agency News of New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Value of Fast Walking Horse. At the fair many thousands of dollars in premiums have been given for fine blooded horses. There is no better way of making money than to buy a horse and sell it for a profit. The horse is the only thing that is worth anything in Kentucky, and everything from a Kentucky thoroughbred to a Clydesdale or Percheron stallion will be put around the amphitheatre in all the cities, but there will not be a dollar offered for the fastest walking horse. No accomplishment that can be used in a draft horse, whether he be intended for draft, stake wagon or plow, is so valuable. Over an always judged by their walk.—Stock Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. It has been accepted in certain quarters in Wall Street that any and all methods not legally presented to get first information are fair, and no but incidents of the business and the locality. A telegraph operator, the other day took a different view of this rule of Wall street ethics. He flatly refused to teach a stock broker telegraphy. The broker said that he was in the office of many other brokers during the day, and thought that it could read the ticking of the telegraph instruments it might put wealth into his pockets.—New York Sun.

DECADENCE OF THE DIAMOND.

Why It Grows More Marked—A Badge of Vulgaritv—No Longer Unique. The decadence of the diamond daily grows more marked. It has long been a badge of vulgarity when worn by men, and its indiscriminate use by their own sex has brought it into disrepute with women who are really fastidious. With anything else except an object which confers distinction on its possessor, the greater its popularity, the greater its triumph, but the diamond—once the most princely of gems, and the possession of which was almost the unique privilege of royalty—has lost its ascendancy through its very popularity as an article of adornment. In our day it is no longer unique, nor are its associations such as to give it distinction. It thrusts its glitter on the eye in the street, in the railroad car, in every public and unsuitable place, and usually with a background of fatness and ugliness which it only serves to bring into unpleasant prominence.

When a human being makes one thing an ambition and turns every effort to the realization of that ambition it is pretty certain of accomplishment. With many women the possession of a pair of solitary diamonds is the one thing in life desired and to be secured. The realization of the ambition may come late, but young or old, the woman who has compassed her object is so proud in that fact that she does not propose to hide the light of her diamonds under a bushel with the result that she brings discredit on herself and on what she considers her most valuable possession.

The love of the gem itself, although favoring of childlike and of the barbarous tastes which still survive in civilized humanity, is one thing; the love of displaying the diamond in public, another. There are women, and men, too, who have a mania for diamonds almost like that of the miser for gold. They love the glitter and sparkle and delight to fast their sight and touch on the precious baubles. But these are not the people who flaunt their treasures in the gaze of the public. It is the better half of the lucky speculator, the matrimonially promoted shop girl, the gambler's "daddy" and the obese wife of the retired pawnbroker, who never feel entirely clothed unless somewhere on their person scintillates the ever-present diamond. The woman may be somewhat down at the heel and out at elbow, and a thorough acquaintance with soap and water may never have been included in her experience, but the diamond atones for all. In our time the burden of vulgarity is too great for the queen of gems, and in cultured estimation she sinks beneath the weight.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Song in a Public Restaurant. One day some years ago I tried to tip a waiter. I failed. He declined to accept the tip with an air of condescension and dignity. I found I had inadvertently succeeded in wounding the feelings of a foreign nobleman in disguise. He may not have been a noble, but I was not at all surprised when he told me a few weeks later that he was about to leave the restaurant, forever, as he had received some money from abroad. One day last week I again met my old friend. Of course I remembered him. No one could forget the face of a waiter who would not stoop to take a tip. He had the dress and bearing of a well-bred man of the world. He had been in Europe, he said, and was now in this country on a visit. Beyond that he withheld no information concerning himself, but in the course of our talk he did say something which not only interested but startled me.

"My dear sir," he said, "take the advice of a man who knows, and never eat soup in a public restaurant. There is not a hotel or restaurant in all Brooklyn where I could be induced to eat soup. If you but knew what I was compelled to carry to you in the old days when you ordered soup from me you would never wish to look upon my face again." This was said quietly and unobtrusively. I have enough confidence in the man to say that he believed it was honest. The place in which he served was a restaurant of considerable pretension, where stiff prices and good service were the rule, and I know look back to the dainty soups they served there with anything but a pleasant feeling. Hereafter soup to me shall rank with the "wedgie," which the younger Mr. Weller immortalized when he said, "It is very good when you know the lady it makes it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Didn't Object at All. But there's an old man in Mexico who very generally deplores the decadence of the diamond in matters generally considered reprehensible. He is a Frenchman, he says. "I was probably a bit, but he is old enough to be exempt from lying about his age. He speaks of the good old times of his youth, and relates with lively satisfaction his part in several exciting murders, for which it does not seem to occur to him to blush. He is fond of relating how he obtained his wife. He says, perhaps, he believed when he states that the mother of the child he loved objected to him as a son-in-law. It was natural if his methods of winning himself were truly stated. She absolutely forbade the marriage.

"But," said the old man gravely, "we removed her objections."

"How?"

"Very simply. She was taking a siesta one day and I slipped on behind her and dropped a big rock on her head, and she never objected again."

"I should say not. She was too late to object, I suppose."

"Ah, it was fun. We had the wedding and the funeral on the same day."

And the wicked old man chuckled. The story was confirmed by other people, too.—San Francisco Chronicle "Unlabeled."

The Most Favored Mortal. Of all classes of musicians the singer is the most favored, and the mortal who is gifted with a voice is a lucky individual that the one who possesses the higher faculties of intelligence. The composer who has labored for months, perhaps years, to complete an opera is not paid as much for his whole work as the prima donna who sings the principal role during a single representation. Rossini, for example, received only \$1,200 for the opera of the "Barber of Seville," while the prima donna who received often fabulous sums for singing it, received—Music and Drama.

Our College Presidents. An eminent writer, showing what an excellent thing it is a college education, cites the fact that there have been seventeen presidents of the United States, and eleven of the seventeen were college men, sixty-five per cent. Well, that's so. But let's weigh those presidents on the finer scales as long as we're going into statistics. Who were the presidents who never went to college at all, and presidents little to any school? Washington, Jackson, Lincoln—well, well, the college may have the other fourteen, it's hardly worth while counting any further.—New York Star.

An Old City, Pa., man claims the prize for smallest, having one in his garden that measures fifty-four inches in circumference.

All that was bid for a lion and four houses at a sale in Lexington was \$290. The show business is poor.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

SENTIMENT CONCERNING PERSONS WHO MARRY A SECOND TIME.

A Memorable Series of Sermons—Notes of Good Taste and Etiquette—Simple Attire of the Bride—Silver and Golden Weddings.

French marriage customs are now well known, so far as they relate to first marriages, but as regards second marriages very little has yet been written. Perhaps these marriages, less the romantic element which in all human affairs the superstitious that "hills the flavor." This may explain why so little is recorded of them. There is a decided disposition in France to regard those who marry on second marriages as hardened sinners or as unfeeling unscrupulous. The popular sentiment on the subject is to the effect that a person has only the right to be married once, to marry once and to die once. Those who show a wish to undergo any of these operations twice are suspected of criminality. It must be admitted, however, that people engaged in repeating second marriages are much more generous with regard to the man than with regard to the woman. There is a social and religious prejudice against the second marriage of women, especially when they have received no religious education.

The religious prejudice was remarkably illustrated a few years ago by Pere Fabre, who, in the midst of the matrimonial season, was that he was married in Paris, and was obtained for him the severe censure of the general of the Dominicans and the superior of the Benedictines in the Monastery of the second marriage of women with a vengeance that profoundly astonished the congregation, among whom were some people who considered the sermon a gross personal attack. The despatch Don Fabre had not done what the Latin proverb advises the discreet oddler to do—he had gone beyond his last. He had no authority to use a pulpit for denouncing women who entered for the second time the matrimonial state. The sermon was printed in extensive circulation, the papers, and the religious community in general. It is not known whether the religious community was very much affected by the sermon, but it is not known whether the religious community was very much affected by the sermon, but it is not known whether the religious community was very much affected by the sermon.

There are several rules of good taste and etiquette with regard to second marriages in France which are usually observed by the educated classes. The whole ceremony must be kept as unobtrusive as possible. The festive preparations must be on a modest scale. It is not considered becoming for the bridegroom and bride to appear very happy. They must be sober and calm, with an expression of resignation in their faces. Something is due to the memory of the dear departed. This is especially the case if a lady has a widow. She does not take from her finger the ring placed there by her first husband. Her maid and spouse will be considered a minor but testing and had to be objected to this mark of respect paid to his predecessor. Moreover, if the lady has children the first ring must be retained out of regard for the memory of their father, and should be passed on to them when they are taking it off. If these children are grown up they must not keep aloof from the wedding party, but must be present as the guests. They are not expected to look joyful, but their absence would give rise to scandal. The religious services must be very simple, without floral decorations or singing. The widow at her second marriage must not wear gray or mauve, for such colors would suggest a half-mourning, which her second husband might not take to be a pleasant reminder to himself. Her color is now forbidden in the ground that it is the color of mourning. The bride should be in a black or white mourning, with few flowers scattered about, certainly not orange flowers, which can only be worn on such occasions, nor chrysanthemums and carnations, which are termed "flowers of flowers." A breakfast or a dinner following the religious ceremony, but no ball is given in the case of a second marriage.

Silver marriages are very pleasing festivals in France. When a couple have completed twenty years of married life, the event is celebrated with all the show of joy and festivity possible. In the first place, there is a religious ceremony in church, which has a good deal of the outward form of a genuine wedding. The lady is again called the bride, and her name is superbly suspended from the wall justifies it. The flowers which she is escorted to wear are white roses—known in France as "mariage roses." The bridegroom wears a dress of red. The pair are surrounded by their friends and guests, and if there are any children, all are present. For a grand family reunion is essential. A dinner is given, followed by a ball, which is opened by the newly married couple, the lady dancing with her eldest son, and her husband with his eldest daughter. Golden weddings are much rarer than silver weddings. Death only at lower years small proportion of married people live fifty years together. The ceremony is the same as in the case of silver anniversaries. There are now great grand weddings, and these are grander than the silver ones. The bridegroom and bride are escorted to the altar by the first generation of their posterity.—Paris "Red of the Evening."

Oldest of the Sciences. Metaphysics is the oldest of the sciences. It was born in the efforts of the aboriginals to transmit ideas into gold, and has come down through the centuries less changed than any other science. While the sciences are not all full and complete, the alloys made in the centuries, and the days have almost none of the oldest sciences discovered, some of them dating back to the age of Moses, show pretty clearly what the intellectual method of those days was, and show that they were much wiser than the methods now in use. Theologians give proof that law was used in it is not now, and that alchemy was a legitimate art it is now. What advances have been made have been more of a mechanical nature than in the way of discovering new laws or principles of chemistry.—Pittsburgh Opinion.

A Window of Shells. Its windows were a curiosity, the first I had ever seen in India where the panes were of the pearl-oyster shell, cut thin, and about an inch and a half square. This was the Portuguese window. The labor of making great windows of such small pieces of shell neatly cut and smoothed must have been immense, even for the building. At least one-half the light was obstructed by the shell strata, and when one adds to this the wooden framing for the shells, there must have been a considerable addition to the semi-opaque. But then this is India, and it is always a struggle to keep out the glare of the sun. Harper's Magazine.

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GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRAISE THE LORD.

NORTH FAIRMOUNT, CINCINNATI, O.

Oct. 24, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—North Fairmount is a misnamed suburb of that metropolis known as "Porkopolis" in the days when grunting swine wandered unrestrained in the streets, and saucily rooted between the legs of pedestrians for the gutter garbage. At last the hiped rebelled and the grunters were banished. Yet the city is not clean. Nay, since Pittsburgh washed her face and put on gaseous airs, she can even fairly aspire to the position vacated by that Queen of Sins as the dirtiest city on the continent. One looks upon the color of the water in the basin, after the 10th ablution of the day, with wonder not unmingled with disgust, and says, "Can I be so dirty a wretch as that?"

Once upon a time, when coal smoke was unknown in that vicinity, the Indian pitched his wigwam, beside the loveliest of meandering streams. At the bottom of the densely wooded dell, the half river, half streamlet—now called Mill Creek—wound its babbling way, to yield its modest tribute to the broad Ohio tide. To look upon its poisoned and polluted waters to-day, sloughish with foetid drainings from cess pools, cattle-yard and pig-sty, one could hardly believe it to have been, in its earlier history, exquisite for beauty or crystal for clearness.

At present it is merely the foulest of open drains, breeding malaria and mosquito toes. The hills along this once beautiful stream are being so cloven and gashed, to yield building sites and material for vast fittings elsewhere, that they are torn to pieces, past recognition, as the great, dirty city encroaches on them. Up the C. H. & D. R. R., which follows this Mill Creek valley, the hills, as yet untouched, show what the ones, so grievously marred, once were. Beautiful, hilly mounds of foliage now, with gorgeous autumn tints crowning them so gloriously.

George Dunlap has a mission church in North Fairmount, and his energetic friends—Norris, of the stock-yards; Brooks, of Camp Washington; and the Sbermans, of Fairmount, uphold his hands most efficiently. Wife and I were the honored guests of the latter dear family, and made acquaintanceships that will, we trust, ripen into lifelong friendships. Nothing could exceed the courteous attentions of these kind entertainers, and we spent a most happy week at their cottage on the hill. The girls were across the stock-yards at the Hackett House, which is kept by a Kentuckian from Jessamine county. They too were most hospitably entertained. The little hall where our meetings were held was only capable of holding 200, jammed; and was not once filled to its utmost capacity. Folks from the city decline to come to the malodorous vicinity of the stock yards, and the folks of Fairmount don't generally "take stock" in religion. It would have taken a solid month to "work up" a "good meeting;" and a month we did not have to spare from our cold-weather Southern work. The dear people who came all got blessing, and the interest was growing slowly but steadily when we came away. I am glad we went. It will be a help some of these days, when the dear LORD bids us beseege the unclean, wicked, but still most attractive city of Cincinnati. I believe He has "much people" there whom our simple gospel will reach and bless.

We have been in North Fairmount just a week. We all had a little touch of Mill Creek miasma in that time, but all were healed by the good LORD in the simple way of His own appointment—a drop of oil and a word of prayer.

PADUCAH, KY. OCT. 27, 1887.

We came from Cincinnati via the Short Line. It may be "short," but it is anything but "sweet;" for I have not in my travels met any so jerky, humpy, rollickingly drunken a railway as this. The old "Erie" was something like it, in recklessness of speed and sharpness of turnings. But for attempts to jump the track without quite making it, commend me to the Short Line, between Cincinnati and Louisville.

"Can you lodge four Barnes?" we telegraphed Pat Joyce, our friend of 40 odd years. "Yes! Come along! Glad to have you!" he wired back, and the dear old boy met us at the station with his hearty grasp and unchanged affectionate ways. In a quarter of an hour we were at 532 Second street, which poured out its inmates in tumultuous welcome to greet us. For about five minutes, according to immemorial usage, when we enter Pat's house, every living soul of us, big and little—I had almost said—yells at a very high pitch of voice, regardless of everybody else. Questions and answers there are, but to the general observer it is simply Babel—these old time greetings. After awhile we quiet down; consent to take chairs and talk like rational people.

Our stay at Pat's was all too short. I was voted a tyrant of "most hideous mien," in view of a firm purpose to be off to Paducah on the next morning's train. I could hardly do otherwise, seeing I had rent a telegraphic appointment, which I could not, decently, cancel. But the female mind is no wise logical, and the feminine cho-

rus of disapprobation refused to take such a commonplace as breaking a positive engagement into consideration. But I was "chilled steel" and carried the point, leaving promptly at 9:30 Wednesday A. M.

The run from Louisville to Paducah—220 miles—was quite a surprise to us all. The C. & O. road is perfectly equipped and the emigrant travel that so sorely oppresses the eastern division ceases at Louisville, by branching off on another route. Travel, in a parlor car, with reclining chairs, over a beautifully smooth road, takes off the weary edge of a wandering life to a marvellous degree. Such was our comfortable lot on the C. & O. out of Louisville. The scenery crossing Muldraugh's Hill is exquisite and the whole route through undulating oak forest a perpetual feast to the eye, with October glory upon everything. Some of the trees, notably the willow, and water oaks, are quite green yet, while the sweet gum, the beech and white and red oaks, are ablaze in many-tinted splendor. Some look so crimson red that one should think blood drops must needs follow a puncture. I never saw finer autumn hues than this one has brought with it. One is tempted to sentimentalize indefinitely over them.

Our good friend, Mr. Rowland, who, hearing a sermon or two in Frankfort, invited us to Paducah, met us at the depot, in company with his partner in the real estate and insurance business, Mr. Trueheart, and we were soon at our quarters in a comfortable hotel as a weary traveler could wish for. Mr. T. is a nephew of our good Mrs. Trueheart, so well known in Stanford. I think people who have such attractive names to start with have the advantage of the common folk. The very sound of the syllables has an inspiring effect. I should think, and a name like "Trueheart" ought to be a talisman to guard the life from low thoughts and aspirations.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

IN MEMORIAM

—In Lincoln county, Kentucky, October 7th, 1887, at his home near Dix river, David Spoonmore was called to his reward. Peacefully he fell asleep, after many days of suffering and wearisome nights of pain. He was a long life of 77 years, characterized by energy in business, honesty in all his transactions and a conscience void of offense toward all men. He did not wait to make his peace with God until his last illness. For many years he had been a member of the Methodist Church and loved its ordinances. When his feet touched the cold waters of the Jordan he was not afraid but looked beyond to the heavenly city that hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God. Full of years, with the blishest hope of immortality, he has been gathered to his fathers. The dear ones he left behind mourn not as those without hope. The devoted wife who walked by his side 53 years can look forward to a reunion where separations never come and death is unknown. The suffering of this present life is not to be compared with the exceeding great reward God has prepared for His faithful followers. The trials of earth come to all, but the redemption through Christ brings the promise of glory hereafter, and God's children, with an eye to the recompense of the reward, pass through earth's afflictions with cheerful submission. While our homes may be desolated and our hearts bereaved, it is not long—the end will come—the sorrow will be passed and broken families again be united. Let not the bereaved hearts of wife and children dwell upon the loss of husband and father, but think of him as happy in heaven, free from sickness, free from care and trial and forever with the Lord. Let them remember that there is now,

"One more at home!
That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally
Lord Jesus grant us all a home with Thee,
At home in heaven."

ASTRONOMERS say that on or about the 13th of this month the earth will pass through the meteoric belt and a brilliant display may take place, equalling if not surpassing the great event of the kind in 1833. And this reminds us of what our father used to tell of it. He was sleeping with another little brother, James, and on awakening and seeing what looked like thousands of stars falling, he became alarmed and tried to arouse the other sleeper, who half opened his eyes and remarked, "Oh, go to sleep boy; that's the way the stars go down every morning."

—Bro. Keck, a preacher belonging to the Cincinnati Methodist conference, has been convicted at Cedarville, O., of stealing a flat-iron from one of his members. What a preacher would want with a flat-iron is hard to conjecture, unless to throw at the sleepy members of his congregation when they are inclined to venture into the Land of Nod.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	2:03 P. M.
Express train "South"	1:31 P. M.
"North"	11:45 A. M.
Local Freight North	6:35 A. M.
"South"	6:05 A. M.

The latter trains also carry passengers.

These are calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Trains leave Howland at 5 and 7:20 A. M.
Returning, arrive at 6 and 8:55 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books and school supplies from A. R. Penny.

Ask your grocer for the Cincinnati Baking Co.'s crackers and cakes.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by A. R. Penny.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. A. R. Penny.

The firm of Penny & McAlister having dissolved, the accounts are ready for settlement. Come at once and settle. You may save cost.

—At New Burlington, Ind., Ped. Shelekley shot and killed his father-in-law, James Carey, and then blew out his own brains.

New Photograph Gallery!

Opposite Female College. Call and examine my work. Cabinets \$1 per dozen. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. PAUL, Photographer.

H. C. JOHNSON, THE BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

I am now prepared with a good stock and an additional workman to do any kind of work in a prompt and in the best manner. Write him a trial. Shop on Lancaster street. (277)

Estray!

A Bay Mare, 14 or 15 years old, in poor condition, came to my farm about 3 weeks ago. The owner can get her by paying for this advertisement and the keeping of her.

ALLEN BEAZLEY, Stanford, Ky.

For Rent.

A Desirable Dwelling House and Store Room in Hustonville.

On Danville street, near Main. There is also a garden and stable. It is a very suitable place to run a small store. Call on or address CHAS. H. BISHOP, Hustonville, Ky.

DR. S. C. DAVIS, Physician and Surgeon.

Mt. Vernon, Ky.

(Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children.) (277-1)

Florence Washing Machine.

I have bought the right to sell the Florence Washing Machine and am now prepared to furnish all who may wish to save their clothes from the rubbing and tearing incident to the old-fashioned washing. Take out and try it and be convinced. I will not worry you about buying unless you are fully satisfied with its merits.

The undersigned, having purchased the Florence Washing Machine, and after a thorough trial, we take pleasure in adding our testimony as to its worth, and without hesitation pronounce it a success in every particular, doing all that is claimed for it.

Wm. Daugherty, J. W. Wallace, Dr. Bourne, Mrs. S. P. Haller, A. C. Wine, Hill Perdue, Lewis Pender, J. E. Loran, L. L. Darnall, C. Vanort, Mrs. Amanda Peak, George Peyton, Alex. Houtz, J. C. Fields, Albert Condon, Sam. Kaines, R. E. Barrow, A. M. Feid and many others.

M. F. E. KIN, Headquarters at S. S. Myers' store.

Estray!

A Blood-Red Yearling Steer

Came to my farm about the middle of August. Owner can get him by paying for this notice and board of steer. B. D. HOLTZCLAUF, Near Walnut Flat. (278-1)

Administrator's Sale!

As Administrator of G. W. King, deceased, I will sell on the premises 3 miles north of Crab Orchard, on the Lancaster pike, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887.

The Following Property:

33 head extra good feeding cattle, 2 milch cows, 1 calves, 1 extra good mare in foal by Walker's Messenger, 1 yearling colt, 3 2 year old colts by Messenger King, 1 pair work horses, 30 fatstock, hogs, of all sizes and pigs, 500 bushels of corn, 40 bushels of feed oats, 5 stacks of hay, 100 sheaves of fodder, wagon, buggy, farming utensils, &c.

For Rent.

The Farm of Three Hundred Acres

With a No. 1 Dwelling House and a fine dairy. Improvements will be rented in the year 1888. Terms—\$1000 and under, cash in hand, the balance to be paid in 12 months, with land well secured, payable in Farmers' National Bank, Stanford, Ky. J. C. KING, Adm'r (278-1)

PUBLIC SALE

MILL & STORE PROPERTY

I will sell at public auction on the premises, on

Thursday, November 17th, 1887.

The following described real estate, situated on the North Fork of Salt River, 1 1/2 miles from Crab Orchard Station, on the Knoxville Branch of the L. & N. R. R., in Marion County, Ky. The improvements are:

A 20 story Frame Mill and Flouring Mill, with Saw Mill attached, steam power, doing a good business and in good running order. A new Frame Store building, 20x40 feet. A 1 1/2 story Frame Dwelling six rooms, half a bath and two, two stairways, good clean at the door. Two Tenement Houses, good Frame Barn, with standing for 8 head of horses, corn crib, 500 bushels of corn and other buildings not here mentioned, together with 1/2 acre of land, more or less.

The above property is worthy the attention of buyers, as I am determined to sell, at high or low, as I have interests in Kentucky that demand my immediate attention. For further particulars, call on the owner, who will be found at home on Friday and Saturday next, or at the residence of R. H. & R. D. KIDMAN, Lebanon, Ky.

Also a Stock of Merchandise at Private Sale

Will receive between \$5000 and \$6000 or will separate the stock to suit purchaser. Conditions made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock. H. J. HOUPE, Hustonville, Ky. (278-1)

PLEASE OBSERVE

— THAT —

M'ROBERTS & STAGG.

— HAVE —

A FULL ASSORTMENT!

— OF —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware,

Having secured the services of C. F. KENT, a practical Watchmaker with many years' experience, all work will be done with neatness and dispatch, fully insured. Spectacles and Eye Glasses to suit the eye.

OUR STOCK OF UNDERWEAR!!

Is now Complete.

In Single Pieces or in Suits!

From the Cheapest Cotton to the Finest Hatterigan or Camel's Hair.

BRUCE & M'ROBERTS.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR

— I have received and still receiving —

New Goods for Fall and Winter,

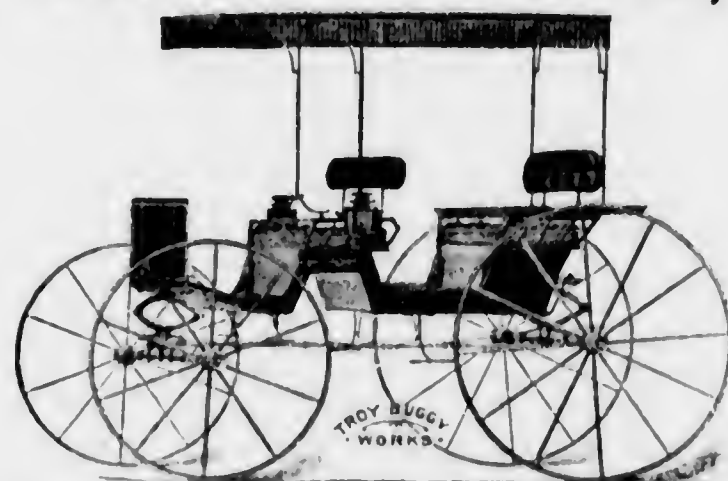
Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Given Up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

WEAREN & MENEFEE,



Dealer in Fine Buggies, Carriages, Surveys, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, Buck Boards, Road Carts, Farming Implements, Engines, Mills, Grain, Feed, Seeds, Coal, Lumber, Doors, Sash-Blinds, Picket Fencing, &c. Our Stock of Vehicles is larger and more complete than ever before, from the cheapest to the best.

All of work guaranteed as represented. Prices to suit the times. We can sell you as good vehicles as any dealer or manufacturer and for as little money. Come and see our fine assortment before it is broken.

WEAREN & MENEFEE.

J. B. GREEN, Agt., Hustonville, Ky.

Attention, Please.

— We desire to call your attention to our fresh and —

Complete Line of Groceries

Of every description, which we keep constantly on hand, and ask you to come and examine as well as

Our Stock of Hardware.

Which no retail house can compete with. While you mind, we will show you the

Oliver Chilled and Imperial Plows,

We are agents for, the best in the market; with the

IMPROVED WATER ELEVATOR,

Something new and novel and the finest thing of the kind in use. In our line of Heating and Cook Stoves, we have the most fashionable in both price and make, and especially in Heating Stoves we wish to show you unusual goods. Of course we keep Lime, Cement, Salt, &c., and in fact there is scarcely anything we haven't got that is anything near our line. Come in when you are in town and we shall be delighted to make it pleasant for you. Very truly

HOCKER & BRIGHT.